

Men In Black

J

I'm just saying it was cold. I think she kind of liked me.

K

She didn't even know you.

J

I know, that's usually the only time I actually have a shot. And what if I wanted to see her again? I'd have to completely re-introduce myself.

K

Such a shame, too. Cause you made such a good impression the first time.

J

Hey, I was workin' her. I was workin' my thing.

K

Just so I understand... you're "thing" is... acting like an idiot? Or is it actually being an...? Besides—

J

I know, I know. I read the manual. No attachments. We work alone. Blah blah.

K

if you don't have anyone to tell, you won't tell anyone. Believe me, you get used to it.

J

I think you're to use to it. If you ask me, you've been doing this job too long.

K

You don't know the half of it. (*They arrive at the front of the farmhouse... J approaches.*) Wait, slow down.

J

Why?

K

Give her time to get the wrong impression. Makes things go a lot smoother.

(*Having seen them through the window... Beatrice opens the door.*)

WOMAN

Can I help you gentlemen?

K

Yes, ma'am. I'm Agent Manheim, this is Agent Black, with the F.B.I. We'd like to talk about your visitor.

WOMAN

You here to make fun of me too?

K

No ma'am. We at the F.B.I. do not have a sense of humor we're aware of. May we come in?

WOMAN

(*Unsure*) Sure.

K

Thank you.

WOMAN

Lemonade?

K

Oh yes, please.

WOMAN

The chief of police himself come up to the house... and did a full-out professional investigation. Took a police report and wrote down everything I said... from A to Z... not believing one thing I said. Sort of poking fun at me. Then they asked me, "If he was murdered... how was he able to walk back in the house?" I gotta admit to you that one got me sorta stumped. But I tell you something right now. I know Edgar, and that wasn't Edgar. It was like something was wearing Edgar. Like a, like a suit. An Edgar suit.

J

(Looking at a picture of Edgar.) Dude was that ugly before he was an alien.

WOMAN

(Laughing and crying at her own humor.) I'm sorry.

K

(Patiently) Go on.

WOMAN

Anyway, I come to and he's gone.

K

Did he say anything?

WOMAN

Yeah, He asked me for some water. Some sugar water.

K

Sugar water?

WOMAN

Yeah, I remember that right. *(K signals to J to place glasses on and they both do).* 'Cause I thought that that was odd, that he asked me for sugar water and not lemonade

or ice water or.. regular water or tap water.

(K takes the flasher and flashes.)

K

All right, Beatrice. There was no alien. The flash of light you saw in the sky was not a U.F.O. Swamp gas from a weather balloon was trapped in a thermal pocket... and refracted the light from Venus.

J

Wait a minute. You flash that thing.. it erases her memory and you just make up a new one?

K

A standard-issue neuralizer.

J

And that weak-ass story is the best you can come up with?

K

All right. On a more personal note Beatrice, Edgar ran off with an old girlfriend. You'll go stay with you mom a couple nights. You'll get over it and decide you're better off.

J

Yeah, because he never appreciated you anyway. In fact, you know what? You kicked him out And now that he's gone.. you'll go into town, find yourself some nice dresses. Get yourself some shoes. Find somewhere you could get a facial. And... hire a decorator to come here quick because, damn!
(Exits)

(K stares at his device checking status.)

J (CONT)

Yo, K! Check it out. When do I get my own flashy little memory messer -upper thing?

K

When you grow up.

J

Oh... No, no, no. You know what? I have a good thing going on with Rachel, and I want to see that through

K

(Staring at results coming through on device)

Please, not green. Aw, damn! I don't suppose you know what kind of alien life-form leaves a green spectral trail and craves sugar water do you?

J

Oh, wait!?! That was on "Final Jeopardy" last night. Damn, Alex said it was.

K

(Quickly dialing phone and speaks into it.)

Zed, we have a bug. *(Hangs up phone just as quickly)*

J

So.... what? We don't like bugs?

K

Bugs thrive on carnage, tiger. They consume, infest, destroy, live off the destruction of other species.

J

You were stung as a child, right?

K

Listen, kid. Imagine a giant cockroach with unlimited strength, a massive inferiority complex and a real short temper is tearing-ass around Manhattan island in a brand-new Edgar suit. That sound like fun?

J

What's the move?

K

With the bug in town, we'll watch the morgues.